Roxbury, Oct. 29, 1866.

My dear friend May:

I meant to have told you that, on receiving the kind and generous letter from Nathaniel Barney, I immediately sent him a four-pageed letter of grateful acknowledgment. It will not be necessary, therefore, for you to write him a letter.

How very fortunate it was for me, that my beloved friend, S. J. May, was so thoughtful and kind, a year ago, as to take out an insurance policy for me a-gainst accidents during the year! Having been crippled since March by my fall, so as not to be able to earn anything, the "Travelers Insurance Company" of Hartford have promptly and honorably paid me the stipulated sum for twenty-six weeks of total disability — amounting to $390. In the mean time, my doctors' bills and nu-

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merous specifics have amounted to a considerable sum. You know that house-keeping, with its various liabilities, is fearfully expensive to what it was formerly; so that, earning nothing for so long a time, my candle has been rapidly burning at both ends. As it is, I should have been nearly four hundred dollars worse off than I am but for that lucky insurance.

My arm and shoulder are improving, but still cause me a good deal of pain, especially by night. With recuperation going on, I am greatly at a loss to know what to do in the matter of employment; not yet feeling inspired to write the proposed History of the Anti-Slavery Struggle. Of course, I have had to decline all overtures for lecturing during the coming season; and this has been a serious pecuniary drawback.

When you come to Boston again, I shall feel greatly obliged to you if you will bring with you such poetical selections as you may have conveniently at hand, as I am now gathering materials for the volume which I have so long designed to compile, relating to the cause of humanity, freedom and progress.

The sheet on which I write is so hard or greasy as to make it almost impracticable to make my writing legible; else I would like to fill it entire.

With the most affectionate remembrances to your dear wife and children, I remain,

Your ever indebted friend,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

Rev. Samuel May, Jr.

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